THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 25, 1804.

An ADDRESS *to the* VOLUNTEERS *of* GREAT-BRITAIN.

COUNTRYMEN,

LIKE true patriots, without bounty or compulſion from government, you have come forward, and have volunteered your ſervices to your king and country. The menaces of the firſt conſul of France are ſufficient to animate you with martial fervour, nay, to inflame you with warlike fury: he vows vengeance on this nation becauſe our governors have powers of diſcernment to penetrate through his maſk of hypocriſy, and to behold him in his true character, as the enemy of mankind, the ſcourge of Europe, and the plague of the ſurrounding nations; becauſe he is devoid of integrity and good faith, and therefore bent upon making human ſociety a banditti, treaties ſnares, laws cobwebs, and religion a farce; becauſe we refuſe to bow to his inſolence, to crouch at his feet, and to do homage to his ſenſeleſs pride and unbounded ambition; becauſe we lament his uſurped dominion, weep with thoſe that weep under his tyranny and oppreſſion, and ſtill behold him as the Corſican tyrant.

On this account, and as far as we know without the ſhadow of a cauſe, he threatens to ſeize your perſons, to raviſh your wives and daughters, to rifle your houſes, to ſet on fire our towns and cities, and to blacken the whole iſland into one general ſcene of ruin and devaſtation: theſe threatnings you conſider a loud and ſolemn call to prepare vigorouſly for the repulſion of ſuch a foe; with alacrity you obey the call. The inhabitants of Great-Britain are buckling on their armour in conjunction with you; the courage of the lion is rouſed; and Old England is ready to come forth with all her energies, to chaſtiſe her enemy for his deſperate enterprize, to humble his haughti-

neſs, to bring down his pride to the ground, even to the duſt, to convince him that, although accuſtomed to ſucceſs in other regions, yet landing his legions on the ſhores of Albion, he ſhall be ſaluted with no other accents than thoſe already iſſuing from amidſt the waving banners of freedom, " Old England and victory."

We ſpeak of the French as an invading enemy, who, like the frogs in the land of Egypt; like the palmer-worm, the locuſt, the canker-worm, and the caterpillar, in the land of Canaan; and who like a flood, whoſe mighty waters are ready to overwhelm our country in utter deſtruction. Were you to ſuffer two or three hundred thouſand French harpies to land on our ſhores, we cannot help ſaying, that every ſpecies of plunder and devaſtation muſt be expected; therefore it is impoſſible to arm the public mind with too much reſolution. With all our heart we call your very ſoul againſt them. When our country is threatened with invaſion and ruin, we are juſtified by every conſideration to dwell on the neceſſity of warm unanimity, of patriotic valour, of a firm unſhaken determination to periſh rather than ſee our country fall under a foreign yoke. No opinions, civil or religious, ſhould be ſuffered to operate toward the annihilation of our native land. Our lives, our property, our country, are equally dear to us, whether their deſtruction be menaced by the highwayman, by the midnight thief, or by a common enemy: the prinples of reſiſtance are in each caſe exactly ſimilar, and admit of the fulleſt juſtification. The cauſe of our country is untainted with the luſt of conqueſt: fortitude contending for juſtice is the moſt noble and ſublime of human qualities; it is an union of all that is venerable with all that is admirable in man.

If the French armies are permitted to overrun this country, it requires more than an Herculean ſtrength, nay, you might as well attempt to pluck the ſun from his orb, hurl the mountains from their foundations, ſtop the tide, ſet bounds to the ſea, command the waves to be ſtill, or attempt to controul the moſt fearful elements of nature, when they are permitted to ravage the globe, as to check the licentiouſneſs of an unprincipled ſoldiery! Shall we throw open the violence, oppreſſion, rapacity, and murderous tranſactions of our enemy in thoſe countries, which he has already vanquiſhed? Hanover, an electorate, connected with the Britiſh crown, is torn aſunder by the cruelty and outrage of a French army, and is become ſubject to their inſolence, tyranny, and grinding oppreſſion! Holland, once diſtinguiſhd for its opulence and commerce, lies proſtrate in the duſt! Switzerland, for ages the peaceful abode of virtue and of liberty, bleeds at every pore! Egypt, the ſeat of his brutal atrocities and inhuman butcheries, ſtill weeps and agonizes for the loſs of her children, for there, " Mirabile dictu!" " O, horrid to tell!" there he ſlew in cold blood 3800 Turks, and poiſoned

ſoned 580 of his own men, only becauſe they were ſick and wounded! Britons, then, "Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fallen."

Are you determined, like the three hundred Spartans at the ſtraits of Thermopylæ, to conquer or die in avenging the wrongs done to your country? Are you animated with the ſame patriotic ſentiments expreſſed by the unfortunate Robert Emmet, when he found himſelf convicted and condemned for high treaſon, at Dublin, on the 19th of September, 1803? Do you adopt theſe ſentiments, not to blind the eye of juſtice, but to act upon them as volunteers, who are ſworn to defend your king and country? Do theſe principles echo and re-echo from the very bottom of your hearts? "Did we live to ſee a French army approach this country, we would meet it on the ſhore, with a torch in one hand and a ſword in the other; in the dignity of freedom we would expire on the very threſhold of our country, and they ſhall enter it only by paſſing over our lifeleſs corpſes; we will receive them with all the deſtruction of war; we will animate our countrymen to immolate them in their very boats, and before our native ſoil ſhould be polluted by a foreign foe; if they ſucceed in landing, we will burn every blade of graſs before them, raze every houſe, contend for every inch of ground, and the laſt ſpot in which the hope of freedom ſhould deſert us, that ſpot we will make our grave." Proud will be your country to call you heroes; the heart and tongue of every Briton will celebrate your praiſes; the fame and renown of your exploits ſhall be handed down, with delight, in the joyful grateful boſoms of Engliſhmen, to the lateſt generations.

In the preſent circumſtances of Great Britain, when threatened with invaſion by a foreign enemy, it is neceſſary that you, of all men, ſhould have the heart and ſoul, eyes and hands, zeal and energies of patriotiſm. Do you aſk what is patriotiſm? It is that love of country, that peculiarly tender and affectionate attachment, which conſtrain a man to devote his time, talents, and even life, if neceſſary, to defend and promote the welfare and happineſs of his country. Is there not ſomething ſoothing and pleaſing to the heart of man, beyond the powers of language, in ſuch a ſenſation, in ſuch a principle? Is it not extremely natural to feel attachment to the country that has been the ſcene of all our obſervation and experience, the theatre of all our enterprizes, induſtry, and proſperity; the ſeat of our family, relations, and friends; where firſt we drew the breath of life; and when firſt we felt it to be "a pleaſant thing for the eyes to behold the ſun?" This feeling of patriotiſm ſometimes riſes to tranſports of enthuſiaſm; the goddeſs prompts to ſacrifices the moſt coſtly; ſhe has inſpired you to engage in ardent, uniform, inflexible, and important ſervices; ſhe excites the admiration of mankind; ſhe adds to the proverbs of the world; ſhe makes a

figure on the page of romance; ſhe is numbered among the beauties of hiſtory; and ſhe furniſhes fruitful themes for eloquence.

A queſtion naturally ariſes why our bleſſed Saviour is ſilent on the ſubject of patriotiſm? It might be anſwered by ſaying, that "thoſe courſes of human benevolence which nature has decreed, with which the heart of man mechanichally complies, required not to be commanded by Chriſt;" and beſides, it was no part of his miſſion: nature is ſufficient for theſe things. It is the province of inſtinct, of reaſon, of conſcience, to dictate the feelings, the principles, the actions, the enterprizes, the zeal, the atchievements, the energies, and eulogiums of patriotiſm. He did not appear on earth to give precepts to regulate civil life, to direct the limited and partial operations of the ſocial principle; but the ſtrain of his inſtructions is altogether of another nature; his kingdom was not of this world; he came not to countenance this partial, this checkered goodneſs; therefore he rejected the word patriotiſm, and ſubſtituted the word charity in its place. He came to inculcate pure religion and morality upon mankind; to declare the vicinity of the whole univerſe to the heart of benevolence; to recommend an attachment to the whole human race; to inſtruct us how to expand like the heavens our friendſhip and love, and teach them to glow alike upon Papiſts and Mahometans, Jews and Gentiles; to point out to us that ſublime and celeſtial patriotiſm, whoſe country is the world, whoſe king is God. He came to inſpire zeal for univerſal happineſs, which had been ſo often inculcated for national proſperity; to teach nations, who call themſelves poliſhed, to exerciſe urbanity and benevolence in their behaviour to nations; to civilize the intercourſe of civil ſocieties with civil ſocieties; to call upon us to acknowledge the conſanguinity of all mankind, and to bind all nations into one brotherhood, united by affection and the ſenſe of affinity, though divided into ſeparate ſocieties. He came to promote a principle of love, a general propenſity to kindneſs, a delightful contemplation of happineſs in whatever region it reſides. In one word, he came to cover the earth with a generous and unbounded diffuſion of benevolence, flowing, not like water, in ſome one ſingle direction, but like light, in all directions; towards kindred, towards friends, towards country, towards mankind, towards earth, and towards Heaven. And although the Prince of the Prophets gave no inſtructions on the love of country, yet it was the ſpirit of patriotiſm which melted him into tears, "When he came near and beheld the city," and cauſed him in the moſt plaintive ſtrains to exclaim, "O Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem! thou that killeſt the prophets, and ſtoneſt them which are ſent unto thee, how often would I have gathered

thy

thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

In the circumſtances of the kingdom at this awful criſis of popular apprehenſion, it is not ſufficient that you are actuated by a patriotic ſpirit, but it is neceſſary that you ſhould diſcharge your ſervices with the greateſt attention and faithfulneſs. We are told by the prophet Ezekiel, that it was a cuſtom among the Jews, when they ſuſpected an invaſion, to "Take a man of their coaſts, and ſet him for their watchman: If, when he ſeeth the ſword come upon the land, he blow the trumpet and warn the people, then whoſoever heareth the ſound of the trumpet, and took not warning, his blood ſhall be upon him; if the ſword come and take him away, his blood ſhall be upon his own head; he heard the ſound of the trumpet, and took not warning; but he that taketh warning ſhall deliver his ſoul. But if the watchman ſee the ſword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the ſword come and take any perſon from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood the Great Arbiter of Life and Death will require at the watchman's hand." This paſſage will juſtify our government in the meaſures adopted to watch the motions of the enemy, and our formidable preparations to repel every aggreſſion of France, and every attempt at invaſion, independent of thoſe arguments deducible from perſonal ſafety, and national proſperity, on principles of human policy.

Whatever may be the iſſue of this war of procraſtination and finance, yet the enemy with whom we have to encounter, the termination of all intercourſe between France and Great Britain, the formidable hoſtile preparations which he has made, his readineſs to put to ſea, and to execute his infernal enterprize of invading this country, to devaſtate every thing before, and behind them to leave nothing but wretchedneſs and miſery, to turn our land, which is before them like the garden of Eden, into a waſte howling wilderneſs: Our government is called aloud by theſe conſiderations to vigilance, magnanimity, and exertion; to adopt the wiſeſt meaſures, to make terrible preparations, and to command the energies of the country to repel vigorouſly every hoſtile attack, and to diſcomfit the enemy.

Countrymen, the defenſive meaſures of the Engliſh parliament merit your higheſt praiſe. Behold the fleets which plow the waves, rule the ocean, guard our coaſts, protect our commerce, and make repriſals! Behold our forts furniſhed with arms, with ammunition, with men! Behold the augmentation of our forces, and their higheſt ſtate of diſcipline and military ſkill! Behold the reſpectable and numerous corps of volunteers in every corner of the kingdom, and who, already, are ſkilful in all military tactics, and expert in all the manœuvres of war; who are fled to the ſtandard of their country, and are ſworn to defend our religion

religion and laws, our king and conſtitution; defend them, not by arguments drawn from reaſon, humanity, and religion, for theſe already have proved ineffectual, but by arguments more convincing, compulſive, and powerful, even powder and ball, the ſword and the bayonet. But were our fleet under the direction of the moſt experienced and valiant commanders; were they manned with the moſt reſolute ſailors, and built tight as the hand of art could conſtruct them; were our forts of adamant and aſpiring to the clouds; were our forces numerous as thoſe of Xerxes, and all men of war from their youth; yet theſe could not enſure ſucceſs without the aid and permiſſion of Heaven. All ſhall go well with you, if the Lord teach your hands to war and your fingers to fight; if the Lord is your goodneſs, your fortreſs, your high tower, and your deliverer; if the Lord is for us, who can be againſt us?

T. JONES.

Tiverton, May 31, 1804.

An Account of the Journey of Louis XVI. King of France, with the Royal Family, from Paris to Varennes, and of their Return to the Capital, in June, 1791; drawn up from the Informations of one of the King's Body-Guards, by John Dougall.

(Continued from Page 493.)

WHEN ſupper was over, the three *gardes-du-corps* met at the door of their maſter's apartment, there to paſs the night, after helping his majeſty to undreſs.

They there conſidered how they ſhould beſt return the money given to them at Varennes: and in the morning, when, at the appointed hour, they entered the apartment where their majeſties and Princeſs Elizabeth were met, they begged leave to reſtore the preſent.

They were, however, directed to keep the money: but as the ſum was too conſiderable to be ſuffered to fall into the hands of the rabble, they wiſhed much to retain in their hands only thirty-ſix *Louis-d'or*.

Here their majeſties, expreſſing their ſerious apprehenſions for the ſafety of theſe gentlemen, M. de Mouſtier requeſted, that not a thought ſhould be waſted on their fate; but that their majeſties would be aſſured that they were prepared for every event.

The king, the queen, and Princeſs Elizabeth, anſwered, that they were too well convinced of the loyalty and faithful attachmen of the whole body of *gardes-du-corps*, to have any doubts

on that ſubject; and, at the ſame time, each of them, in tears, embraced, in their turn, the three gentlemen; who, overwhelmed with ſuch goodneſs and condeſcenſion, felt themſelves animated to brave a thouſand deaths to evince their zeal and devotion.

Their majeſties then deſired the gentlemen to give them the names, "Not (ſaid they,) of your neareſt relations, for they may be eaſily diſcovered; but of thoſe perſons in whom you are particularly intereſted, or to whom you may lie under obligations."

On this, M. de Valory wrote in the pocket-book of their auguſt maſter, the names of their fathers and brothers alone.

Amongſt the officers of the national guards at Chalons, there was one who carried his inſolence ſo far, as to preſcribe rules to his majeſty, and even to reproach him for mal-adminiſtration in public affairs. When no one attempted to reſtrain this behaviour, the king ſaid, with the greateſt mildneſs, "Pray, let this gentleman and his friends withdraw, that they may not thus torture perſons of a right way of thinking, *(les ames honnêtes.)* Exceſſive heat and fatigue have brought them into their preſent ſtate; but to morrow, if they ſhall recollect what they have now ſaid, they will be ſorry for it."

As none, however, took any notice of his requeſt, he turned away from them, with theſe words: "I once flattered myſelf that I had to lament the errors of only the leaſt informed portion of my people, miſled by a few factious men: but now I perceive that many of thoſe who ought to know better things are equally depraved:" and when the king had ſo ſaid, as it was the feſtival of *Corpus Chriſti, (La Fête Dieu,)* he immediately prepared to attend divine-ſervice.

The royal family, whom no circumſtance could ever draw aſide from the regular diſcharge of their duty to the Supreme Being, then repaired to the chapel of the intendant's hotel: but ſcarcely had they been there only a few minutes, when the people ruſhed tumultuouſly in, and behaved with ſuch ſcandalous indecency, that the royal family were forced to withdraw.

"Nothing (ſaid his majeſty, on riſing from his knees,) ought to ſurprize us on the part of men who have laid aſide all reſpect even for their Maker: but it is the duty of all thoſe who know the happineſs of living in ſubmiſſion to his laws, to avoid giving any pretence for the commiſſion of greater enormities."

After their return from the chapel, the royal family retired for a few moments to their apartment, and then ſet out on their melancholy journey, loaded with every inſult from the ſurrounding crowd.

This crowd, however, might be conſidered as civil, when compared with that which aſſembled afterwards at Epernay, where the

the royal family were met by the deputies from the aſſembly at Paris, Pethion, Barnave, Dumas, Latour-Maubourg, and another, whoſe name M. de Mouſtier had omitted to mark down in his journal, but who had an appearance of greater civility than the others; to whom, indeed, he ſeemed to be ſubordinate.

Two of theſe deputies, Pethion and Barnave, placed themſelves in the carriage with the royal family; ſo that it now contained no fewer than ſeven perſons.

From this moment the cry of *Vive le roi*, which had now and then been faintly heard, ceaſed entirely to welcome the royal family all the way to Paris. It was ſucceeded by thoſe of *Vivent les Députès! Vive Barnave!* for Barnave appeared to be the idol of the people.

With theſe cries were mingled others, ſuch as, "Let us eat the hearts of the king and queen, &c. &c." too atrocious and horrible to be conveyed to Britiſh ears!

A poor prieſt was paſſing quietly along the road, near Epernay, on his return from performing divine-ſervice at a neighbouring village, with his book under his arm.

It was enough that he was obſerved to be a clergymen, to draw on him the attacks of the multitude. To ſave himſelf from their fury, he ruſhed amidſt a party of national guards, mounted on horſes, formerly belonging to the Duke de Grammont's company of the *gardes-du-corps*, when quartered at Chalons. One of theſe men invited the prieſt to mount behind him, as if he meant to protect the unhappy man from the populace: but it was only to have a better opportunity of inſulting him. Soon after, a grenadier, walking near the horſe, laying hold of the prieſt's leg, threw him over, juſt before the fore-wheels of the carriage. The wretched man, thinking to eſcape from death, preſſed in between the wheels, but was there twice wounded with a bayonet, to force him to come out.

He was afterwards diſpatched by the muſkets of the national-guards; one of whom, in the hearing of the company about the carriage, boaſted, that, although the clergy were an abominable race, yet he could not reſiſt his compaſſion for the wretch, and therefore had, out of kindneſs, blown out his brains.

Whether it proceeded from a refinement in cruelty, or from ſome ſecret political motive, cannot now be aſcertained; but ſo it was, that the deputies never failed to ſtop the carriage in thoſe places where the populace gave way to the moſt horrible ſpeeches and threats againſt the royal family, eſpecially againſt the king himſelf, who had never, for an inſtant, ceaſed to love his people with the moſt ardent affection.

During the firſt day's journey in company with the deputies, couriers were continually coming up with diſpatches, which they preſſed theſe gentlemen to read, giving out, at the ſame time,

that the Auſtrians had entered France, and were laying the whole country waſte with fire and ſword. The deputies, having put on the appearance (for it was evident to the perſons in the carriage, where two of them were, that it was only an appearance,) of reading theſe diſpatches, ordered the carriage to halt, and then announced to the populace, that forty thouſand Auſtrians had invaded the country, which was reduced to the utmoſt diſtreſs: that all the towns, even Varennes itſelf was already reduced to aſhes: that the inhabitants, without diſtinction of age or ſex, were put to the ſword: and that the ſame calamities would unqueſtionably take place wherever the Auſtrians ſhould penetrate.

Theſe diſcourſes of the deputies heightened ten fold the rage of the multitude, goaded already almoſt to madneſs by the conduct of their leaders.

Yet the monſtrous abſurdity of ſuch reports, which carried with them their own diſproval, might have been expected rather to open the eyes of theſe deluded wretches.

The effects they produced, furniſh a ſtriking proof of the melancholy blindneſs and infatuation of men, when abandoned by providence to the fury of their own paſſions.

Dumas, one of the deputies, had been a major-general in the ſervice of the unhappy prince, of whom he was now a principal tormentor. By his inſinuating ſmiles, and ſtudied familiarity of diſcourſe and behaviour, to the crowd around the carriage, whom he treated with the moſt marked attention and reſpect, leaning on the ſhoulders of the private national-guards, talking in their ear, not as their chief, but as their companion; calling them, at every word, friends, comrades, &c. &c. By theſe and other arts, this Dumas ſhewed ſufficiently, that the ignorant multitude acted only in conformity to the inſtigations of their directors.

At the inn where the royal family were to ſleep, after leaving Chalons, the deputies took care to ſecure for themſelves all the beſt apartments. To the king was allotted a chamber, where the ſervants of thoſe gentlemen would have conſidered themſelves to be badly accommodated: but the virtues of this excellent prince made him ſupport every indignity with a compoſure and reſignation which extorted the admiration of even his bittereſt enemies.

Far from complaining of his treatment in this inn, where the bed was too ſhort and too narrow for him to ſtretch his wearied limbs on it, his majeſty, with his own hands, tied his handkerchief about his head, and ſat down on a wooden-bottomed chair, which ſtood by the head of the bed, and deſired one of the *gardes-du-corps* to fetch another of the ſame kind to ſupport his feet.

Perceiving their anguiſh at the ſight of their beloved maſter reduced to ſuch miſery, he with his uſual condeſcenſion, ſaid, "Oh! never think of me. I am well enough here. How many perſons would think themſelves happy to be ſo well provided for!"

Such, indeed, was the conſtant behaviour of the royal family on theſe trying occaſions, that the deputies of the aſſembly themſelves, men ſelected, certainly with no friendly view, but for the purpoſe of carrying back their ſovereign to his priſon in the capital, were ſo affected by the genuine dignity of their conduct, that, with all their art, they could not conceal their admiration and reſpect.

The gravity of diſcourſe, the correctneſs of behaviour, which appeared in the family, had ſuch an effect on theſe deputies, that, after the firſt day's journey, they were utterly unable to maintain the airs of inſolence and effrontery with which they firſt preſented themſelves at the carriage.

When out of the coach, the deputies could not refrain, in ſpite of themſelves, from giving proofs, by their language and geſtures, of the moſt profound reſpect for the whole family. They ſeldom ventured to look their maſter in the face; and evidently wiſhed earneſtly to withdraw from his eye and obſervation. They ſeemed to feel moſt pungently the vaſt diſtance between themſelves and him.

(To be continued.)

Account of the Loſs of his Majeſty's armed Veſſel Porpoiſe, and the Cato of London, upon Wreck Reef.

THE Porpoiſe, with the ſhips Bridgewater and Cato in company, on the 17th of Auguſt, 1803, at two in the afternoon, fell in with a ſand-bank, in about 23. 7. of ſouth latitude, and 155. 48. eaſt longitude, and 169 miles N. 55 E. fron Sandy Cape, on the coaſt of New South Wales. This bank being 2. to the eaſtward of the ſituation where the Eliza whaler found the reefs lying off the coaſt to terminate, it was thought to be ſuch a detached bank as ſome others, ſeen by Lieutenant Ball and Mr. Bampton, which lie much further over towards the north end of New Caledonia, and no expectation of meeting with any more was entertained, eſpecially as the Inveſtigator had before failed for Torres Strait, from reefs ſeveral degrees further to the weſt, without interruption. The ſignal being made to keep under eaſy ſail during the night, and an officer being placed at the look-out on board the Porpoiſe, the ſhips ſteered N. W. on their courſe, with a freſh breeze from the E. S. E. the Bridgewater being on the ſtarboard, and Cato on the larboard quarter of the leading ſhip: at eight o'clock, the Porpoiſe

poiſe ſounded with 35 fathoms, found no bottom: at half paſt nine, breakers ſeen a-head; the Porpoiſe's helm was put down, in order to tack from them; but the fore-ſail being hauled up to keep the other ſhips in ſight, then under three double-reefed top-ſails, came up head to wind: in paying off again, ſhe ſtruck upon the coral reef: a gun was attempted to be fired, to warn the other ſhips; but owing to the confuſion, and the ſpray that was flying over, it could not be accompliſhed, and before lights were brought up, the Bridgewater and Cato were on different tacks ſtanding acroſs each other. The captain of the Cato ſtopped ſetting his mainſail, and bore away to let the Bridgewater go to windward, by which means ſhe cleared the breakers, and ſtood to the ſouthward; the Cato miſſing ſtays for want of her main-ſail, tried to tack, but ſtruck upon the reef, about two cables' length from the Porpoiſe. The Porpoiſe heeled upon the reef, and laid upon her broadſide, ſo that the ſurf flew over, but did not fill her; the foremaſt went ſoon, but the other maſts ſtood until they were cut away. The Cato unfortunately took the oppoſite inclination, and the ſea breaking furiouſly in upon her decks, tore them up, leaving the crew no place of ſafety but the inner fore chains, where they clung all night, looking to the S. W. after the Bridgewater, which they confidently hoped would ſend her boats to their relief.

An hour after the Porpoiſe had ſtruck, a ſmall gig and a ſix-oared cutter were got out to leeward; the latter was ſtove. Obſerving that the breaking water did not extend to any diſtance to leeward, Captain Flinders told Lieutenant Fowler his intention was to ſecure the charts and log-books of the Inveſtigator's voyage, and endeavour to get on board the Bridgewater. This was aſſented to, and with ſix men and two oars, he got through the ſurf without being ſwamped, though near full of water. The ſmooth water was found to be upon a coral reef, and juſt deep enough to float the boat. After rowing for a ſhort time towards the Bridgewater, Captain Flinders ſaw that, unleſs ſhe tacked, it was impoſſible to near her, and as her light ſhewed her to be ſtanding on, he determined to get back to the wreck, leaving his charts and books in the boat. Several blue lights were burnt on board the Porpoiſe during the night, and ſome on board ſaw the Bridgewater anſwer them by ſhewing a light, whilſt others took it to be only a general light, which was ſtill viſible; it was laſt ſeen about two in the morning. A raft was prepared during the night, leſt the ſhip might go to pieces.

A dry ſand-bank was now ſeen near the wrecks, ſufficient to receive every body, with all the proviſions and ſtores that might be ſaved out of the ſhip; they had the ſtill further ſatisfaction to ſee the Bridgewater ſtanding towards them; every body now ſet to work to get ſufficient proviſions and water landed on the ſand-bank, where Captain Flinders went with the ſmall boat, in

order to go off to the Bridgewater, as ſoon as ſhe came near, to point out to Captain Palmer the ſhelter to leeward, where he might with ſafety take every body on board, with whatever might be ſaved. On landing at the bank, he hoiſted up two handkerchiefs to an oar; but about ten o'clock it appeared the ſhip had gone upon the other tack, not being able probably to weather the reef: ſhe was not ſeen any more during the day. Whether the Bridgewater ſaw the wrecks on the banks cannot be certainly known; but her courſes, if not the hull, were viſible from both ſhips.

As the tide fell, the people of the Cato quitted her, and got through the ſurf to the Porpoiſe's ſmall boat, which waited within ſide of her to receive them, and at low water, which happened about two o'clock, the reef was dry, very near to the latter ſhip, and every perſon was employed in getting proviſions, water, and their clothes upon the reef, from whence they were taken to the bank by the boats, for round the bank the water is deeper. Before dark five hogſheads of water were landed, as alſo ſome flour, ſalt meat, rice, and ſpirits, beſides pigs and ſheep, and every perſon had got on ſhore with ſome neceſſaries, together with the Cato's people. The men having got on board the Porpoiſe, Mr. Fowler cloathed four or five in lieutenants' uniforms, and ſome promotions of a ſimilar kind had alſo taken place amongſt the Porpoiſe's ſeamen. Thoſe who had ſaved great coats or blankets, ſharing with thoſe who had none, they laid down to ſleep with ſome little comfort, and, except a few of the Cato's men, who were bruiſed on the reef, there was no complaining heard upon the bank. The three boats of the Porpoiſe were hauled up at night under the lee ſide of the bank, but the ſmall boat not having been well ſecured, was found to have been carried away by the tide.

As there was no hope of ſaving the Porpoiſe, the tide by this time flowing in and out of her, on the 19th, in the morning, Captain Flinders thought proper to do away the circumſtance of his being a paſſenger, and took the command of the whole party. He divided the Cato's people, who had ſaved nothing, amongſt the Porpoiſe's men, quartering them in the meſſes in the proportion of one to three, and then Lieutenant Fowler, with a large working party in the two boats, went off to the ſhip. The Cato had gone to pieces during the night, and one of her quarters had floated in upon the reef; but nothing of her cargo or ſtores remained with it. During this and the following day the wind continued to blow freſh from the S. E. and the Bridgewater not coming in ſight, it was ſuppoſed that Captain Palmer was beating to windward, waiting for finer weather.

On conſulting with the carpenter of the Inveſtigator about building a veſſel, and the time it might require, he gave his opinion, that two boats, ſufficient to carry the people, would be

ſooner

ſooner built, and anſwer the purpoſe better. This ſeeming to be the general opinion was adopted by the commander.

On the evening of the 23d, the whole of the water, and almoſt all the proviſions, were landed on the bank. The ſtock now examined conſiſted of the following quantities and proportions for 95 men at full allowance:

Biſcuit and flour ſufficient for		83 days.
Beef and pork	ditto	94 ditto.
Peaſe -	ditto	107 ditto.
Oatmeal -	ditto	48 ditto.
Rice -	ditto	114 ditto.
Sugar and molaſſes	ditto	84 ditto.
Spirits, wine, porter,	ditto	49 ditto.
Water -	ditto	120 ditto.

With ſour krout, eſſence of malt, vinegar, and ſalt, and other material and neceſſary ſtores.

Until the 25th they were employed in fitting up the cutter, and adding to the ſtock upon the bank; the ſhip ſtill ſtood, and, they hoped, would keep together at leaſt until the next ſpring tide. At Lieutenant Fowler's own requeſt, Captain Flinders ordered that he ſhould remain with the ſtores until the laſt boat; and that Lieutenant Flinders and Mr. John Aken, the maſter of the Inveſtigator, ſhould take charge of the two large boats, with a maſter's mate in each, capable of conducting them to Port Jackſon, ſhould illneſs or any accident happen to the two officers.

On Friday, the 26th of Auguſt, in the morning, Captain Flinders and his companions embarked in the cutter, to the number of fourteen; three weeks proviſions, with minds full of hope, mixed with anxiety, they returned three cheers given by their ſhip-mates on the bank, who immediately hauled down the enſign, which had been hitherto hoiſted union downwards as a ſignal of diſtreſs, and new hoiſted the union in the upper canton.

Two INSTANCES *of* DIVINE RETRIBUTION.

WHEN Louis XIV. aſcended the throne of France, he was perſuaded by the clergy to revoke the edict of Nantes, in favour of the reformed churches. They urged the neceſſity of the whole kingdom being of one religion; and that it was, in reality, accounting his majeſty a heretic to differ from him in religious worſhip. An edict was conſequently publiſhed, which enjoined the proteſtant miniſters to quit the kingdom in fifteen days, or be hanged. Many of the fugitive paſtors were detained in the frontier towns till the time was expired, and then executed. Thoſe proteſtants who had property were obliged to deliver up their ſhops, warehouſes, and eſtates, to the papiſts,

and

and labour; for they could neither be poſtillions nor waggoners, unleſs they embraced the catholic religion. When they aſſembled in the woods or on the mountains to worſhip, the ſoldiers frequently purſued and ſlaughtered them without mercy; or if, on ſome occaſions, priſoners were brought in, one part was hanged, and another ſent to the galleys. The ſoldiers were quartered on their houſes in great numbers, and they conſumed their property, and treated the weaker branches of their families with indignities, which cannot be named. But God at length has completed the viſitation of theſe crimes; for he is a jealous God, viſiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. This perſecution commenced in the year 1685, and in 1789 a revolution took place in France, which ruined the nobility and clergy, whoſe fathers occaſioned theſe calamities to the proteſtants. They have loſt their titles, their eſtates, and an immenſe number of them have loſt their lives too. They have been baniſhed in beggary to thoſe very nations to which their fathers compelled the proteſtants to fly. Never was there a more ſtriking inſtance of the divine retribution; and what an accompliſhment of the Revelation of St. John, chap. 18, verſe 6, "Reward her even as ſhe rewarded you, and double unto her double, according to her works; in the cup which ſhe hath filled, fill to her double."

THE following is an awful inſtance of the puniſhment of impiety:—

So inflexible is divine juſtice, that bold and daring ſinners ſeldom eſcape ſome exemplary puniſhment. If, indeed, the infliction of judgement is delayed for a ſeaſon, the hand of vengeance falls with a weight proportionable to the delay. Let the following example (for which we have the moſt unqueſtionable authority) be remembered and improved. J— W——, a middle aged labourer, at a town in Hertfordſhire, was addicted to drunkenneſs. In hay-time, 1795, he fell from a hay-ſtack, and received conſiderable injury; but recovering the malady, he forgot the warning, and returned to his former practices. At the ſame ſeaſon of the year, 1796, he aſſiſted in building another hay-ſtack, and being, through intoxication, judged unfit by his fellow-ſervants to remain in ſo dangerous a ſituation, was adviſed to go down leſt he ſhould fall and break his neck; he replied, "If I do, I ſhall go to the ſecond parlour in Hell, and ſup with the Devil to-night." Scarcely had he uttered theſe awful words when he fell headlong, broke his neck, and expired in a few minutes.—Let all perſons beware of ſinful imprecations, leſt God ſhould ſuffer them to be realized, and render them as much the ſubjects of ſelf-reproach, as of his own moſt righteous diſpleaſure.

Narrative of an Hindoo Woman, who lately burnt herſelf on the Funeral Pile of her Huſband.

AS I was returning from Calcutta, I ſaw the ſahamoron, or a woman burning herſelf with the corpſe of her huſband, for the firſt time in my life. We were near the village of Nova Serai; as it was evening, we got out from our boat in the river Hooghly to walk, when we ſaw a number of people aſſembled on the river ſide. I aſked them for what they were met? they told me to burn the body of a dead man. I inquired whether the wife would die with him? they anſwered, yes; and pointed to the woman.

She was ſtanding by the pile, which was made of large billets of wood; about two feet and a half high, four feet long, and two wide, on the top of which lay the dead body of her huſband. Her neareſt relation ſtood by her, and near her was a ſmall baſket of ſweetmeats, called kivy. I aſked them whether this was the woman's choice, or whether ſhe was brought to it by an improper influence? they anſwered that it was perfectly voluntary.

I talked till reaſoning was of no uſe, and then began to exclaim with all my might againſt what they were doing, telling them that it was a *ſhocking murder*. They told me it was an act of holineſs; and added, in a very ſurly manner, that if I did not like to ſee it, I might go farther off.

I told them I would not go; that I was determined to ſtay and ſee the murder, and that I ſhould certainly bear witneſs of it at the tribunal of God. I exhorted the woman not to throw away her life, to fear nothing, for no evil would follow her refuſing to burn. But ſhe, in the calmeſt manner, mounted the pile, and *danced* on it, with her hands extended, as if in the utmoſt tranquillity of ſpirit. Previous to her mounting the pile, the relation, whoſe office it was to ſet fire to it, led her ſix times round it at two intervals, that is, thrice at each circumambulation.

As ſhe went around, ſhe ſcattered the ſweetmeats from the baſket among the people, who picked them up, and ate them as very holy things.

This being ended, and ſhe having mounted the pile, and danced, as ſtated above (which appearance only deſigned to ſhew us her contempt of death, and to prove to us that her dying was voluntary), ſhe then lay down by the corpſe, and put one arm under its neck, and the other over it, when a quantity of dry cocoa leaves, and other ſubſtances, were heaped over them, to a conſiderable height, and then glue was poured on the top.

Two bamboos were then put over them, and fire put to the pile, which immediately blazed very fiercely, owing to the dry

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and combuſtible materials of which it was compoſed. No ſooner was the fire kindled, than all the people ſat up a great ſhout, *Hurree Bol, Hurree Bol*, which is a common ſhout of joy, and an invocation of Hurree, the wife of Hur, or Sieb.

It was impoſſible to hear the woman, had ſhe groaned, or even cried aloud, on account of the mad noiſe of the people, and it was impoſſible for her to ſtir or ſtruggle, on account of the bamboos, which are held down upon them like the levers of a preſs. We made much objection to their uſing theſe bamboos, and inſiſted it was uſing force to prevent the woman getting up, when the fire burnt her. But they declared it was only done to keep the pile from falling down.

We could not bear to ſee more, but left them, exclaiming loudly againſt the murder, and full of horror at what we had ſeen.

Patent of the Earl of Dundonald for the Methods of treating or preparing Hemp and Flax, and Subſtitutes for Hemp and Flax, ſo as materially to aid the Operation of the Tools called Hackles, in the Diviſion of the Fibre.

THE noble earl's invention depends on the principle of removing from flax, hemp, &c. the bark, and a conſiderable proportion of the mucilage or extractive matter, before they have been dreſſed on the hackles. The hemp or flax to be operated upon is to be ſteeped in water or boiled, as circumſtances may require. It is then to be beaten, bruiſed, cruſhed, rolled, or acted upon by ſtampers, rollers, or by any other mechanical means, ſo as to promote the ſolution and diſcharge of the mucilage or extractive matter, and to looſen the adheſion of the bark to the fibre. This proceſs is to be done with or without a run of water, while the ſubſtance is beating, and the water employed may either be cold, warm, or boiling hot, with or without ſoap or alkaline ſalts.

The difference between Lord Dundonald's and the uſual proceſs, conſiſts in employing water to aid the ſolution of the mucilage, and thus to diminiſh the adheſion of the bark to the fibre, whereas the hemp or flax has always been beaten in a dry ſtate. When the wet-beating is finiſhed, the ſubſtance is to be ſubmitted to the operation of dry-beating, as preparatory to hackling or dreſſing. The proceſs of paſſing hemp or flax through or over rollers, or by treating them by a machine ſimilarly conſtructed to that of a mangle, is included under this patent. The ſubſtance may either be paſſed through the rollers, wrapped round the rollers, or laid under them. There is alſo to be included under this invention, the apparatus of a roller or rollers turning

round with the hemp or flax, which is to be beaten, when turning round, with mallets or ſtampers.

The laſt proceſs is that of wetting, ſcalding, boiling, or bucking the hemp or flax, and laying it out for a proper time expoſed to the weather, to free it from the mucilage and bark, and, when dry, to be beaten, cruſhed, or rolled.

AN ANECDOTE.

SOME days ago a ſailor belonging to a man of war at Plymouth, had leave to go on ſhore; but, having ſtaid much longer than the allowed time, he received a ſharp reprimand at his return. Jack's reply was, that he was very ſorry, but that he had taken a *dilly* (a kind of chaiſe), for the purpoſe of making the utmoſt haſte; but that the coachman could not give him change for half a guinea, and he was therefore obliged to keep him driving *fore* and *aft* between Plymouth and Dock, till he had *drove* the half guinea out! Unfortunately for poor Jack; it ſo happened, that when the half guinea was *drove out*, he was ſet down at the ſpot whence he ſtarted, and had juſt as far to walk as though he had not been *drove* at all.

This incident is another proof of that eccentricity by which ſeamen are ſo much diſtinguiſhed from other perſons, and which certainly is as much a feature of their character as even their bravery and naval ſkill.

A NEW QUESTION.

ADDRESSING a lady one day,
Whoſe features were furrowed with time,
Said I, "What's your age, Ma'am, I pray?"
She promptly thus anſwer'd in rhyme:
"The ſummers I liv'd a young life
"Were twenty, leſs three, it appears;
"I was nine times three winters a wife,
"But have been a widow theſe years;
"Which if by two digits expreſs'd,
"Are equal to four times their ſum;
"Add to them my married life juſt,
"You'll find they inverted will come."

Ye who love analytical lore,
For once to your ſtudies repair;
There by her narration explore,
The term ſhe had drawn the free air.

Anſwer, by J. Squance, of Exeter, to W. Bickham's Rebus, inſerted December 26.

THO' in the ſilent grave thy body lays,
Thy works, O BURNS! deſerve the greateſt praiſe.

Anſwer, by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth, to W. Mann's Charade, inſerted April 30.

O FLORA! charming, beauteous maid!
Sweet goddeſs of the green;
Amidſt thy beauties here diſplay'd,
The LIQUORICE is ſeen.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. E. of Aſhburton; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhell; G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot; and Thomas Whicker, and J. Squance, of Exeter.

A CHARADE, *by J. Ninnis, of St. Agnes.*

MY firſt's a colour much in wear;
My next, a uſeful tool, declare:
Both parts conjoin'd, they will expound
A well-known bird in England found.

A REBUS, *by W. Tucker, of Tilſhead.*

A Circle in the heavens explore;
A nymph that liv'd in days of yore;
A ſign celeſtial now expound;
A noiſy bird muſt next be found:
A fruit I love extremely well;
An ornament you'll ſixthly tell;
Laſtly, ye bards, pray try to ſeek,
What's oft told o'er within a week.
Join theſe initials, and you'll ſee
A kingdom fam'd for liberty.

An ENIGMA, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

WHEN enliv'ning ſpring appears,
And each warbling ſongſter cheers;
When the fields with verdure bright,
Gratify the wandering ſight;
When mild zephyr's gentle breeze
Softly fans the tow'ring trees,
Nature, when in bloom array'd,
Often ſhews my tender head;
Gradually my charms diſplay,
Opening to the ſource of day;
Glowing tints attract the eye,
Richer than the Tyrian dye;
Beauties too, that ſweets diſpenſe,
Cannot fail to pleaſe the ſenſe.
I am priz'd, and oftimes preſs'd
With admiration to the breaſt;
Mark the change; for ſhort's my ſpan,
An emblem true of mortal man!
Morn may view my beauties bloom,
But oft wither'd am by noon.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

BRITAIN MENACED WITH INVASION.

"*Tuta inter hoſtes.*"

LIKE African Atlas, at eaſe,
Whilſt his ſummit wild elements beat;
Unmov'd, tho' th' infuriate ſeas,
Their violence ſpend at his feet:

Unaw'd by the menacing frown,
Or the inſolent taunts of her foes,
The genius of Britain looks down
From the rock whence her grandeur aroſe;

Looks down on their numerous hoſts,
And ſmiles at their impotent rage;
Secure, whilſt their fury they boaſt,
And ſchemes of dire ſuicide wage;

Not unaptly term'd ſuicide dire,
Since to certain deſtruction they fly,
Who ſhall waken her lion's juſt ire,
Or, unpuniſh'd, his power defy.

Her ſons to no tyranny bow;
But, as erſt, their dear country ſhall ſave,
Or fir'd with the patriot's glow,
Fall free "midſt the ranks of the brave."

Their anceſtors' deeds they review,
Who in liberty's galaxy ſhone,
To th' example reſolv'd to be true,
And nobly preſerve what they won.

Determin'd their freedom to hold,
And ſave unpolluted their fame,
From original energy bold,
And enliven'd by hope they exclaim:

"All fear to the winds let us give,
"And boldly the danger defy:
"What is life when for ſlav'ry we live?
"Or death, when for freedom we die?

Falmouth, June 7, 1804. CORNUBIENSIS.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SUMMER's EVENING.

COME now, my muſe! and aid my weak eſſay,
While I attempt to paint the cloſing day,
When Sol is ſunk beneath the weſtern hills,
Whoſe light and heat the wide creation fills.
Now ſultry ſummer, with its torrid ray,
Reigns o'er our iſle with univerſal ſway;

Now

Now evening ſhades are welcome to the view,
And cool retreats are pleaſing to purſue;
When the mild zephyr's moſt refreſhing breeze,
Blows o'er the vale, and gently fans the trees.

See now the weſtern ſky is fring'd with gold,
With brilliant colours, pleaſing to behold!
The lofty mountains catch Sol's lateſt ray,
Which ſoon recedes and vaniſhes away;
While in the eaſt the duſky ſhade appears,
And nature now a cooling aſpect wears;
How pleaſing now to range the verdant mead,
Where lowing herds and numerous ſheep do feed,
Retir'd from all the clamour of the day,
Thro' groves, and fields, and ſylvan ſcenes to ſtray,
And there, to contemplation's pleaſing power,
To dedicate one ſolemn, ſacred hour.

Now Eve's approach informs the peaceful ſwain,
To ſeek his cottage, and forſake the plain,
Where he has toil'd the ſultry hours away,
Beneath the fervour of the noon-tide ray,
Whilſt calm content and health his brow adorn,
'Midſt Ceres' gifts of golden ſheaves of corn;
Now he explores his cot, and hies to reſt,
While grief and care are ſtrangers to his breaſt.

See now the ſhades extend o'er nature's face,
And to the weſt direct their ſilent race,
The ſoftening dews fall on the fields and plains,
Refreſh the grals, like genial ſhowers of rain;
The glow-worm's light attracts the wandering eye,
And calls attention from each paſſer by.
While Philomela, near yon murmuring rill,
With ſwelling throat her evening ſonnets thrill;
Her ſolemn dirges all the night ſhe ſings,
'Till from the eaſt the roſeate morning ſprings,
When fair Aurora bids the lark ariſe,
Who ſoaring upwards hails the orient ſkies.

Fore-ſtreet-hill, Exeter. P. GOVE, *Schoolmaſter.*

END OF THE FORTY-THIRD VOLUME.

[James Langdon, Printer, Sherborne.]

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FORTY-THIRD VOLUME

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